THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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HERE AND THERE.

527 persons are advertised in the last *Gazette* to surrender as bankrupts.

A special train will leave the Waterloo Station every Friday morning, at 9.55, calling at Twickenham, Staines, and Bracknall, for the convenience of gentlemen hunting with Her Majesty's Stag Hounds.

Dialogue entre deux titis :

"Polyte, ôte donc ta casquette chez le monde!"

"J'peux pas, j'ai des ——"

"Compris!—alors enfonce-la davantage pour qu'on ne voie rien.

"J'peux pas, j'ai mon pain d'dans!"

The well-known singing master, M. Fontana, has just committed suicide in a determined manner at his apartment in the Batignôlles. He first dressed himself with care in a *robe-de-chambre*, putting on clean linen, and brushing and folding his other clothes; he also wrapped in a paper the month's wages of his servant-woman, adding 10 francs. Several nails on which he tried to hang himself appear to have given way beneath his weight, and at last attaching a rope to a strong hook only about three feet from the ground, he strangled himself in a recumbent position. It was he who prepared Graziani for the stage.

Telegraphic news from America informs us that advance sheets have appeared of Mrs. Stowe's volume, entitled *Lady Byron Vindicated*. The press almost unanimously condemns the book in severe terms. The *New York Times* declares that she evades dates and proves nothing, and the *Times* regrets that she should persist in recording herself as the authority for a revolting slander. The *Herald* says that her arguments are weak, and that her motives are to make money, or to gain notority by pandering to depraved tastes. The *World* also very strongly condemns the book.

Un de nos facteurs de pianos a trouvé un assez joli mode d'annonce :

"M——, FABRICANT DE PIANOS,

"*Consomme deux éléphants par semaine*,

"Tant ses affaires sont considérables."

Vous pensez bien qu'il s'agit des touches en ivoire de ses claviers.

We translate, for the benefit of the general public, and canine fanciers especially, the following description of a dog—a *slougui*—which has just been presented to the Emperor by Marshal M'Mahon, Governor of Algeria:—"This splendid animal is of the size of a young calf, its colour jet black, marked on the flanks and front with yellow spots. Only the Arab chiefs possess these dogs, which are used for hunting, their speed being extraordinary. The Sheikhs often refuse the most brilliant offers for these magnificent animals."

The *Cologne Gazette* relates a horrid story as enacted at Schrimm, in the government of Posen. A country girl, living not far from that place, had received her inheritance of 300 thalers from the authorities there. On her return home she spent the night in a village; having no acquaintance there, she took refuge at the house of the village justice, to whom, in virtue of his position, she gave her whole confidence, and informed him of the object of her journey. He was ready to take her in, and advised her to go to bed with his wife. When all lay in a deep sleep, the covetous host got up, went into the garden and dug a hole there. He then took a sharp knife, went up to the bed where the two were asleep, and with a steady hand cut the throat of the person lying furthest from the wall, took up his victim and buried her in the garden. When he came back he found the bed empty. He had murdered his own wife instead of the stranger. The wife lay close to the wall during the evening, but had afterwards moved to the outer side of the bed. The girl had got out of the bed after the murder, and hastened away with her money.

The story of a diamond would afford a nice little addition to a collection of stock-jobbing tricks. A crystal was lately discovered in New South Wales. That there were diamonds in New South Wales was undeniable. A diamond company had been started. That, too, was beyond dispute. Accordingly this newly-discovered stone must be a diamond. If it wasn't, it ought to be. It weighed seven ounces; such a diamond never was seen. The manager of a bank advanced £700 upon it, without looking at it; the steam-ship company claimed an eight per cent. freight on it, without looking at it. The owner refused to sell it; he alone had looked at it. What remained but to start a company to buy it without looking at it also? No sooner said than done. One thousand pounds to be given for the diamond in any case, money down, and four thousand more if it proved to be a diamond; a hundred shares at £10 a share, liable to calls, &c. Within a few hours the shares were up to £20, to £25—were not to be had for love or money. *Then* the diamond was sent to an expert, and proved to be an excellent specimen of rock-crystal.

Troppmann has addressed a letter, of which the following is a translation, to M. Grosbont, the Governor of the Conciergerie. It is evidently the production of an illiterate man, as the spelling in most of the words the original contains is incorrect :

SIR,—Before going to the assizes, from which I shall return this evening, doubtless for the last time, I wish to offer you my most sincere thanks for your kindness to me. It is said that you are a harsh governor, but you have been very just to me, and have shown sympathy with misfortune. Thanks then. Accept my autograph, the only thing which I can offer you, as everybody is so anxious to have it.

If I be condemned to death I shall not be afraid: and if the Emperor lets me be executed, I would like to ascend the scaffold on the 21st of January, the day on which died the most innocent of the Kings of France. If you will be good enough, I would wish before leaving this place that you would let me visit the dungeon of the unhappy Queen of Louis XVI.—I am, yours respectfully,

J. BTE. TROPPMANN.

The prisoner continues to assert that he had accomplices in his guilt, but refuses to give their names. "To denounce them," he says, "would not save me, and would cover them with infamy. It is for their families I spare them, especially on account of the daughter of one of them, who will soon be a mother, and on whose child the disgrace of the Pantin crimes would be reflected."

Broadhead, says an American paper, is on his way to us. If anybody asks who is Broadhead, he had better try to recall the worst of all the outrages committed in Sheffield, England, by order of the trades-unions. Broadhead was the man who was at the bottom of the worst of them—see report of a parliamentary committee on the subject for proofs. Charles Reade has drawn his portrait in *Put yourself in his Place*. Broadhead declares he is an injured man. We get all the injured men, as a matter of course; but we could have done without this particular one. If the interviewers get at him, it is to be hoped they will ask him a few awkward questions, which he has hitherto declined to answer, concerning the fate which befel several non-union workmen in Sheffield.

It is stated that a pupil of Baron Liebig has discovered certain ethers, which, when poured upon some chemical compounds, produce instantaneously precious stones of all kinds. Messrs. Emanuel have applied for an injunction to restrain him from practising his art here.

Mr. Barnacles, who had been 27 years in custody, was with some difficulty persuaded to quit the enchanting precincts of Whitecross-street on the 1st. Barnacles *will* stick to the ship on land, as well as at sea.

Un député est debout à la tribune, la main solennellement enfoncée dans le gilet, la tête fièrement rejetée en arrière.

"Messieurs," s'écrie-t-il," je n'ai rien à vous dire : c'est pour un photographe qui est là-haut avec son objectif désirant avoir mon portrait à la tribune."

Cé'tait dans un dîner de bons bourgeois, un des convives racontait une longue histoire très gaie, en riant grotesquement.

Tout à coup on entendit braire; c'était la servante, qui pleurait à chaudes larmes dans une assiette.

"Pourquoi pleurez-vous donc, Jeannette?"

"Dame, il y a dix ans quand j'étions au pays, mon mari et moi j'n'avions qu'un âne pour toute fortune; mon mari est mort, et il me laissa l'ane, et puis l'ane est mort bientôt après, et je suis restée veuve encore une fois: la voix de monsieur m'a rappelé tellement la pauvre bête que je n'ai pas pu me retenir de pleurer."

Among the "things not generally known" is that Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, numbers among his chosen friends a black country puddler. The said puddler is no unfrequent guest at Farringford, and he is presented by the poet with each of his volumes as they appear. The puddler is a poet, too, and his effusions have elicited the Laureate's high praise, but hitherto not a line has seen the light.

Mademoiselle —— est affligée d'un soupirant qui la poursuit de ses protestations.

"Décidément," lui disait-il hier, "si vous cédez pas à mes prières, *je me brûle la cervelle!*"

"Oh!" dit Mademoiselle ——, il faudrait *que vous visiez foliment bien!*"

In distributing the prizes at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on Thursday, Mr. Charles Dickens explained what he meant by the confession of political faith which occasioned so much controversy on the occasion of his last visit to that city. His meaning was that he had faith in the people, whose servants lawgivers should be.

Prince Napoleon, it seems, has resolved to give his son a Spartan citizen's education. The boy, who is just seven yeas old, has been sent as a day-boarder to a small school in Paris. His father gave strict orders that his son should be called simply "Victor," and, as a recompense for good conduct, "Napoleon Victor." His day's work is from eight in the morning to six in the evening, with two hours' recreation. His mother, the Princess Clotilde, who is extremely popular in Paris, accompanied her son to school on the first morning, and entrusted, with many recommendations, an extra pair of shoes to the matron, in case of her boy's coming in from the playground with wet feet. The young prince's luncheon was to have consisted of dry bread; but, on the master's representation that all the other boys were allowed marmalade, the stern father relaxed so far as to allow his son to enjoy the same indulgence.

An English ambassador at Naples had given a charming *fete* which had not been very costly, consequently every one went away disposed to decry this *fete;* so he gave another, and every one went, in the hope that he was going to take his revenge. There were no preparations at all, only a spirit-lamp was brought in; he threw on it a handful of bank-notes, and said, "I have no doubt, gentlemen, that now you will be satisfied. Adieu, the *fete* is over."

THE MAN ABROAD.

Nice, January 4th.

AFTER posting my letter last week to Tavistock-street I returned to my humble quarters, and packing my portmanteau, stealthily and in haste, drove straight to the station of the Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles Railway, to catch the 7.45 p.m. train for the south. The prospect of the *Jour de l'An* is by no means fascinating, and having fee'd my *concierge*, the one person whom it is always important to conciliate, I determined to avoid the importunities of every one who has had the smallest possible transaction with me in the past few months by a flying visit to Nice, particularly as the duties of a chronicler in Paris will be very light for the present week. Next week will no doubt find us with a complete Ministry under the leadership of M. Ollivier, and in full-blown Parliamentarism; but since the adjournment of the Chambers, Paris socially, as well as politically, has not been going even at half-speed. It is a relief after the babel of tongues, each proclaiming a different doctrine, and the baneful repetition of the horrors of Pantin, to fly away and be at rest—if only for a brief season—in what is to me the most perfect winter residence in Europe for all who have a liking for the *dolce far niente*, and plenty of money to satisfy their appetites. As I have only a short time to stay here I made the most of my time by travelling direct from Paris; and leaving it at 7.45 p.m., I reached Nice at six the following evening—not bad work for a Continental *vitesse*, but which would be distanced by your Great Western flying express, which, if my memory serves me aught, does the distance between London and Exeter in four-and-a-half hours, at which rate of speed the ground between Paris and Nice should be covered in eighteen hours, instead of nearly twenty-three. Still, in a country where the "omnibus" train goes about as fast as a good park hack would walk, one must be thankful for small mercies. But unquestionably the pleasantest way of getting to Nice from Paris is to break the journey twice—at Lyons and Marseilles—both of which cities will repay a visit, and so, enjoying the proverbial leisure with dignity, to land oneself on the Promenade des Anglais on the evening of about the fourth day. Marseilles is, to my mind, a very charming city, and I never passed three days of my life more pleasantly than, some few years since, when on my return from Nice I was waiting for the boat which was to convey me to Barcelona. The drive along the sea-road which runs close to the shore, passing the celebrated Chateau Borély, where the races are held every November, and facing the rock where Dumas imprisoned his Monte Cristo, is very picturesque, and to one who sees the Phocian city for the first time, marvellous. Let him escape the Mistral galas—the odds are against it—and this drive will repay him for much weary discomfort in a crowded compartment of a carriage holding eight people and an avalanche of rugs, umbrellas, and those countless items of small luggage which seem indispensable to railway travelling in France. Marseilles adds to its other attractions that of an excellent cuisine (at the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix), which is the *summum bonum* for a weary *voyageur*. The route from Marseilles to Nice is, perhaps, the prettiest piece of railway travelling in Europe, but it has been so often described that one is quite fatigued of hearing of the blue waves of the "tideless, dolorous, midland sea," as Mr. Swinburne puts it, of the land-locked bays where the halt and the sick come for refuge from the ills of sterner climes, of the dark olive groves which crown the hills that skirt the iron-road to landwards, and of the concomitant features which are the most salient between Marseilles and the former capital of Savoy. Being fortunate enough to secure a room—*au cinquième*, it is to me—at the Hotel des Anglais, I was not sorry to get a night's rest between the sheets, for in my carriage from Paris there were a *crevé* and a *cocolte* who, having failed in retaining *coupé-lit*, were both very angry and consequently noisy, and played *écarté* and smoked cigarettes of the worst description, the greater part of the night, and whose behaviour frightened out of his wits an English Anglican and angular clergyman, who was taking his bride, even more English and angular than himself, to pass the *lune de miel* at Cannes. In addition to these contrasts there was an elderly Frenchman with a squirrel and ten rabbits, who snored loudly at intervals, and then woke up with a start to feed his menagerie; and I, the sixth person, having by great generalship secured a corner place with the opposite seat for my legs, was beginning to congratulate myself on being the best off (or the least uncomfortable) of the party, when at Dijon, which is the junction for passengers from Strasbourg—and consequently Wiesbaden and the other German "*enfers*," two gamblers from Wiesbaden, entered who had come away, as the tables close there at the end of December, to seek fresh fields and pastures new on the sunny heights of Monaco. I was, of course, compelled to give up my little piece of vantage ground and, even worse than that, listen to a discussion, which lasted nearly all the way, as to the merits of the various systems, *boule-de-neige*, the repetition of seven, playing the great game, and the various other absurdities with which the *joueur enragé* bores his friends, and even chance travelling companions, but which always end as one-sidedly as a contest between the proverbial brass and earthen pots. One consolation I had for being so rudely disturbed, for on going over to Monaco yesterday, I saw my two fellow travellers looking in the last stage of decavity, and evidently occupied in an attempt to conclude a loan with the head waiter at the hotel opposite, who, like the rest of his profession in France—and still more in Germany—combines the business of a small bill-discounter with that of serving the *ecrivisses bordelaises à minuit et quart*. In many instances a third, and even less reputable profession might be added to the list of his avocations. *Marquereau maître d'hôtel* is a dish much sought after in this part of the world. In drawing my mosquito curtains I was reminded of rather a good story that a very American American told in the smoking-room here, some two years since. He was referring to the superior quality and greater number of the mosquitos in my country, Sir, and stated that some years since he was travelling down the Mississippi, when suddenly he saw a kind of black spot on the horizon. This turned out to be a cloud of mosquitos, "so," he continued, "I got a large brass pot, what they boiled the meat in, and with a large hammer I got underneath, and as the mosskeyturs stung through the pot I clinched them with the hammer, but at last there was so many on them stung on to the pot that, by gad, they flew away with it!"

Nice is not so much altered since I was here two years since, only that the Casino is opened, and that the road which leads to destruction is made easier and shorter by the railway to Monaco being open, which railway is to be continued to Genoa, thereby doing away with the necessity for making the picturesque but tedious journey by diligence (read Velturino) or post-chaise along the Corniche road, and uniting by one iron road Paris and all the principal cities of Italy. It will soon be open for traffic along the whole route, certainly before the Alpine tunnel is completed, and will make the voyage much more easy, from England or Paris, to all parts of Italy than it is now either by the Fell Railway over Mont Cenis or by this road under present conditions. It will, however, carry with it the usual penalty of rapidity of movement in this age. I mean bringing a class of people—the tourists *pur et simple*—of whom, so far, Nice has been pretty free. I don't mean to say all the visitors to Nice are *grands seigneurs—il pleut des Yankees*, as I heard a Frenchman remark just now; or even respectable—is not Monaco hard by? But decidedly the general tone—the form, if I may be allowed the expression—is decidedly higher than it is in most resorts of its kind. While people do not fail to go in for amusement in most shapes and forms, they, as a rule, settle down into their ordinary habits much more than in the German watering-places and the seaside.

(To be continued.)

Naples, 1st January.

To toil up to the Castle of St. Elmo is no slight labour, but having once reached the summit the exertion is soon forgotten in delight at being permitted to enjoy such a glorious scene as is there unfolded to your view.

One can give but little notion of the exquisite beauty of the prospect, nor is it necessary to do so, so familiar must be the account of Naples and its far-famed Bay to your readers.

"See Naples and die," can almost be appreciated after enjoying this rich treat; though the spectator experiences a feeling of regret that the Neapolitans are not more alive to the immense advantages a bountiful Nature has favoured them with. Blessed with a heavenly climate, a fertile soil rejoicing in the most luxuriant vegetation, the Neapolitan is content to bask in the sunshine, instead of turning his attention to the many improvements his city is so sadly in need of. Sanitary organisation is little known, and foul and fetid alleys abound in all parts of the city.

The Strada Toledo is the principal business thoroughfare, but the shops are mostly poor and insignificant. The Chiaja is a very agreeable marine promenade; there the band of the National Guard discourses eloquent music, and as there is nothing to pay, all Naples flocks to hear it. We English are supposed to be a music-loving race, and yet, to hear a military band performing for the delectation of the populace is quite a rarity. We all know that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Might not that exquisite art be sometimes evoked to tame and elevate our London savages? At all events, taking an example from the other side of the Channel, the remedy might be tried.

The National Museum is a spacious building, containing some magnificent collections; but the picture gallery does not possess many works of interest. There are numerous relics from Pompeii. The bronzes are so beautiful in delicacy of workmanship, and are in such a marvellous state of preservation, that it is startling to reflect that they were all in use more than 1,800 years ago.

There can be no doubt that the Pompeiians were worshippers of art—that is, of a grotesque art of a certain sort—but their ideas seem to have been imbued with all that was animal in human nature; the spiritual must have entered very little into their composition. There is a certain room in the Museum devoted to Pompeiian curiosities containing so many abominations that I verily believe, were they in England, Lord Campbell's Act would be invoked to hurry all these monstrosities into well-merited oblivion.

The cathedral, a spacious edifice of the thirteenth century, is dedicated to St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples. The churches are generally poor architectural specimens, abounding in gilt and tawdry finery; exception, however, must be made in favour of San Martino, which is a beautiful little chapel enclosed in the Fortress of St. Elmo.

Everyone, of course, makes a peregrination to Pompeii, and spends some hours in rambling over its deeply interesting ruins. The train lands you there in half-an-hour, and, after paying two francs, the Government provides you with an intelligent guide, who shows you everything worth seeing. Numerous workmen are employed and excavations are daily being made, bringing to light fresh relics of the ill-fated city.

The excursion to Baiæ is extremely pleasant. A few huts mark the spot where sumptuous palaces stood when Baiæ was a gay and fashionable resort for the luxurious Roman. Magnificent ruins still attest the fact that Baiæ must have been a city of no mean importance.

Its situation is delightful. The waters of the Mediterranean wash the shores of the Bay, and from the summit of one of the hills the eye wanders over a glorious landscape, bounded on either side by the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. The distance across the peninsula is about 100 miles, but so exquisitely clear is the atmosphere, that the sea is distinctly visible on either side. On this excursion you pass *en route* Pozzuoli, where St. Paul landed on his voyage towards Rome. This place boasts the ruins of an amphitheatre more spacious than that of Pompeii. You likewise pass the Solfataria, a semi-extinct volcano, where those who do not care for the labour of ascending Vesuvius can form some notion of the earth's sulphurous fires, and the Lake of Avernus, and many other highly interesting places; but I need not enter into a description of them, for is it not all written in the book of which Murray is the scribe, or, at all events, the publisher?

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

PRIZE WORD No. XI.—MIRROR.

First—

With Spring comes the seeding time,
Comes the pairing and breeding time
For all creatures that wear feathers, fur, or
Scales. So 'tis close time,
Meanwhile, not to lose time—
Your betting-book purge from all error.

Through Summer there's races
In all sorts of places,
With full flights of whipper and spurrer;
Then back all Fordham's "mounts,"
And entrust your accounts
To ———, of welshers the terror.

In Autumn 'tis pleasant
To shoot partridge or pheasant
As he springs from the copse with a "whirr," or
Seduce with your fly
The big salmon that lie
In the loch when it's calm as a mirror.

In Winter you're shut up,
And so you must put up
With billiards, bésique, spell-and-knurr, or
Try your hand with the skittles,
Kill time o'er your victuals,
While my lady kills her's at her mirror.

TACKLE.

Second—

Like a flashing mirror
The lake gives back the light,
Not a bird does stir or
Plume her wings for flight.

On the lake a fir or
Willow sighs in rest;
Like breath upon a mirror
A swan moves o'er its breast.

The only sound, the whirr or
Too-whit of a wood dove
As he broods upon the mirror,
To his shadow making love.

Calm and rest about me,
But in my heart dull terror,
For I counted silver hairs three
This morning in my mirror!

JULIA.

Third—

Here's a puzzling word to rhyme—"Mirror!"
Out of you 'twill take the shine, sirrah!
Not even if you try a year or
More, you'll strictly rhyme with mirror.
No word rightly strikes my ear, or
When in print does right appear, or
Cometh strictly very near; or
I shall think it somewhat queer, or
Say your rhyming's out of gear, or
Call the whole thing nonsense mere, or
Even worse than that, I fear; or
Even condescend to jeer, or
In pity shed a friendly tear; or,
Harking back, suggest that "sirrah"
Of rhymes the nearest is to mirror.

ZENO

A frame of silver fir, or
Of porcelain should grace
The dainty Venice mirror
That reflects thy lily face.

MRS. GLASSE.

The lady in sweetest of morning dresses
Lies back in her easy chair,
Whilst the weary maid is brushing the tresses
Of her mistress's dark-brown hair.

The face of the lady is happy and gay,
Unruffled her marble brow,
When a sudden crash takes the smile away,
And a fury she looks just now.

The maid sinks down on the floor with fright,
And the lady thunders, "Sirrah!
Begone for ever out of my sight,
For you've broken my priceless mirror!"

CASS.

Deucalion, husband of Pyrrha,
Said, "Look at humanity's dearth!
How shall we repeople the ——" "Sirrah!"
Rejoined his wife, teeming with mirth;
Only look at yourself in the mirror,
You'll double the men upon earth.

QUICKSILVER.

"'I am half sick of shadows,' said the Lady of Shalot."

One hasty glance;—ah, fatal error!
The lady turned from the magic mirror
To the river side, where "Tirra, lirra,"
Sang Sir Lancelot.

VEOTIS.

The lake was as smooth as a mirror,
And Jane and I rowed after tea
In a skiff that was built of light fir, or
The wood of another such tree.
How quickly, how sweetly, the hours took their flight;
I never felt happier than I did that night.

And Jane often looked in the mirror
Her own pretty figure to see,
Folks said that I either loved her, or
She, the dear girl, loved me.
But we both love each other, and married would be,
Only I have no money, and neither has she.

PERO.

Adorned with my favourite tie,
New, Beale and Tuman's own,
I caught my valet sly.
He thought he was alone.
Ay, in my own pet mirror
The wretch admired his face.
How he jumped when I cried out, "Sirrah!
This day month you lose your place."

TRIPLE HARP.

PRIZE WORD No. XII.—UNGUENT.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

THE LIFE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.*

MR. L'ESTRANGE'S *Life of Mary Russell Mitford* has been compiled chiefly, as the title-page declares, from her own letters. She was a voluminous correspondent, and justly proud of a talent, always rare, and which is daily becoming rarer. The penny post is accused of being the destroyer of this agreeable accomplishment, but our fair authoress attributes it to a somewhat different cause:—"That bad letters," she says, "arise from want of the habit of thinking, I cannot doubt. There is, too, a yet deeper evil: the little thought that is permitted is directed to very wrong objects—to dress and to matrimony—both as a means and an end. They dress to marry and marry to dress; and so dressing and so marrying, there are, I fear, but small chances that they will make good wives or good letter-writers."

Writing this of the *gentilles demoiselles* of 1812, what would Miss Mitford have thought of those of 1870? How much further removed than ever is the rough, lazy scribble of the present day from the graceful wit, the quaint turn of thought, the refined, serious sentiment which make the correspondence of a Pope, a Mary Pierrepoint, an Edward Montague delightful, even now that the story of their lives, and the interest attached to them, has naturally passed away!

Our authoress's life was not a happy one, although it would hardly be guessed, from the serene and cheerful spirit of her letters, how much trouble and anxiety she had to undergo. There was hardly a time when she was not harrassed with pecuniary difficulties. Her father, the younger son of a younger brother of Mitford of Bertram Castle, in Northumberland, was one of those pleasant, careless, utterly selfish beings whose constitutional good humour served as a cloak for every sort of reckless dissipation and extravagance. He brought his wife and daughter to the very verge of penury, but yet they never loved him less or "considered any privations or exertions too great which, for his sake, they were required to undergo." Miss Mitford writes to Miss Barrett in 1842:—

"Yes, my dearest, my mother's fortune was large, my father's good, legacies from both sides, a twenty thousand pound prize in a lottery—all have vanished! My uncle's estates, his wife's, his father's and mother's (a fine old place, called Old Wall, in Westmoreland; she, my grandmother, was a Graham of the Netherby clan), have all disappeared; so that I, the only child, amongst six or seven good fortunes—for my mother, herself an only child, inherited an even splendid inheritance—have been, during the better part of my life, struggling with actual difficulty, and if I should live long enough, shall probably die in a workhouse—content so to die if preserved from the far bitterer misery of seeing my dear, dear father want his accustomed comforts; content, ay, happy, if that far deeper wretchedness be spared."

When she was twenty-four years of age she wrote thus to the idolised father, who was the source of all her anxieties:—

"Bertram House, July, 1811.

"The distressing intelligence conveyed in your letter, my best beloved darling, was not totally unexpected. From the unpleasant reports respecting your affairs, I was prepared to fear it. When did a ruined man (and the belief is as bad as the reality) ever get half the value of the property he is obliged to sell? . . . . Tell me, my most beloved father, the full extent of your embarrassments. This is no time for false delicacy on either side. I dread no evil, but suspense. I hope you know me well enough to be assured that, if I cannot relieve your sufferings both pecuniary and mental, I will at least never add to them. Whatever those embarrassments may be, of one thing I am certain, that the world does not contain so proud, so happy, and so fond a daughter. I would not exchange my father, even though we toiled together for our daily bread, for any man on earth, though he could pour all the gold of Peru into my lap. Whilst we are together we never can be wretched, and when all our debts are paid we shall be happy."

These brief extracts are sufficient to show her warmth of heart, her filial duty, her unconscious self-sacrifice; and a sweet and genial disposition is everywhere revealed in the rest of her correspondence. Her life was sweetened by the friendship of the best and cleverest men and women of the day. With Miss Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning, she kept up a constant, most affectionate intercourse until her death, which occurred in 1855, in her sixty-eighth year, when her description of herself is an expression of gratitude that, in spite of great bodily suffering, it had pleased Providence to preserve to her her "calmness of mind, clearness of intellect, and also the power of reading by day and night."

Her great love of the country and pleasure in rural amusements was also found to be a panacea for almost every external evil, and it will be seen from her own description that the cottage in which she lived from 1820 till a short time before her death, was not without its charms:—

"Our residence," she says, "is a cottage—no, not a cottage—it does not deserve the name—a messuage or tenement, such as a little farmer, who had twelve or fourteen hundred pounds, might retire to, when he left off business to live on his means. It consists of a series of closets, the largest of which may be about eight feet square, which they call parlours, kitchens, and pantries; some of them, minus a corner, which has been unnaturally filched for a chimney, others deficient in half a side, which has been truncated by the shelving roof. Behind is a garden, about the size of a good drawing-room, with an arbour, which is a complete sentry-box of privet. On one side a publichouse, on the other a village shop, and right opposite is a cobbler's stall. Notwithstanding all this, 'the cabin,' as Bobadil says, 'is convenient.' It is within reach of my dear old walks, the banks where I find my violets, the meadows full of cowslips, and the woods where the sorrel blows."

From this "messuage or tenement" *Our Village* was written, which is a full description (something poetically touched, perhaps) of the surrounding neighbours and neighbourhood.

Should Miss Mitford's charming stories be favourites with the reader, her life, through her letters, will be a welcome addition to them.

* *The Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, authoress of *Our Village*, &c. Related in a Selection from her Letters to her Friends. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. In Three Volumes.

THE NEW CAB REGULATIONS.

WHO the promoters of the present cab regulations are we know not, nor are we desirous of becoming acquainted with any one who can have the public *inconvenience* so much at heart as these gentlemen; but it is hardly fair or reasonable to suppose that the authors of such a nuisance can remain long undiscovered or that it can be patiently put up with by an even too tolerant public. The salient points in the arrangements are these, attributable, we believe, to anxiety of the Secretary of State for the Home Department:—That no person is to take a cab upon any pretence whatever, be it even a matter of life and death, unless

it is off a cabstand, the penalty being a fine or loss of licence to the cabman. The next is that no such vehicle is, upon any pretence whatever, to carry more than the number of people than the licence permits it to, and, consequently, little children are to be paid for in the same proportion as adults: this will, we imagine, touch the unhappy Peterfamilias in his most vulnerable point. And the third arrangement is connected with the carrying of luggage, upon which point we have nothing to say, as the arrangement seems to be on a much improved system. Let us, however, review these ameliorations—for the benefit of the public, as we are told they are—in detail, and let us preface our remarks by saying that we have always imagined that the hackney carriage, be it "Growler" or "Hansom," was permitted to travel the streets of London for the express convenience of the public. How that convenience is best studied will be gathered from the first arrangement, viz.—the taking of a cab off a rank. Now, to the man of business whose time is precious, or to the medical man who does not possess a carriage, or is sent for at a moment's notice, the fact of having to run or send some quarter of a mile for a cab, may involve either the loss of life or what in these high-pressure days is worth almost more than life, the loss of thousands. The object probably is to clear the thoroughfares of those cabs that perambulate them for fares, by compelling them to go to cab-stands; but we doubt very much whether the sending of them to certain spots, where they will inevitably accumulate and become obstructions, will obviate this difficulty; at any rate, we object to being driven to the necessity of sending to a cab-stand when an unoccupied vehicle is passing our doors. The cabs, we understand, are to be supplied with flags, which will no doubt be a great incentive to the predatory habits of the urchin population of London, and poor cabby, in addition to his keeping his eye on the Bobby, will have to do so upon his colours. The next improvement (?) that comes under our notice is that the four-wheeled cab is for the future to be permitted to carry only four persons. Now this is all very well for those who are rich; for, as Paddy says, "they rides in chaises," but if this is to be carried out with reference to little children, the poor Paterfamilias will have to sing the second portion of those lines, "Them that's poor they walks like blazes," and the poor little ones will, for the future, have to toddle to their Christmas pantomime. The extortionate cabby will become still more extortionate as his field of operations becomes circumscribed, and his chance of picking up a fare on his journey to and from a place becomes less. The baby in arms will for the future have to be placed in a most unnatural position on the seat of a cab—one most unfavourable to its future advancement in strength and importance. Now, we are free to confess it is hard to deprive cabby of the chance of taking a family *at a certain* price to the Polytechnic, the theatre, or any other place of amusement that cannot be reached by other conveyances. This, we imagine, will not quite meet with the idea of convenience in the minds of a large portion of the public. As to the question of luggage, the arrangements are no doubt good, and with them we shall certainly not complain. But the inferences to be drawn from the whole are not to be overlooked. Poverty already stalks sufficiently in the streets of London without any addition being made to it by a strike of cabmen, and this will most assuredly be the result if the new system is carried out *in extremis*; the sufferers, then, will be the unfortunate cabmen, not the cab-proprietors, many of whom have not yet recovered from the effects of the last strike. The Metropolitan Railway and the General Omnibus Company will no doubt profit by it, but what is to become of the unfortunate cabmen already too old to turn his hand to another trade? Will the large heart of the emigration societies be large enough to admit of this drafting of poverty, these sons of Jehu, to other countries, where the public are permitted to enjoy the luxury of a hackney carriage, as is already being proposed for the poor of other denominations? We know not. But we fancy we have not yet heard the last of this, nor do we imagine that everyone will sit down quietly and undergo such a painful, useless nuisance as the new cab regulations propose to us.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CUP AND BALL.—A pint and the Argyll? Do we follow you?

LANCET.—We decline to "stick it in to him." Stick yourself in to him.

MAYONNAISE.—Generally first, but on that occasion fourth for the Oaks.

SPANIARD.—Onions, liquorice, flies, and olives may be considered the staple. Seville oranges come from Dundee.

TIMOTHY.—It will be long, we fear, before you are placed on high amid the tuneful choir.

SCIENCE.—We know nothing about you, and believe in Henry Cornelius Agrippa.

A CURLER (DUMFRIES).—Mr. Truefitt is at present champion. It was a near shave between him and Mr. Marsh.

CANADA.—A diplomatist once went so far as to say that he could be capable of *bassesses* for sauerkraut; you seem as if larceny would not stop you in quest of the canvas-back. Well, there is every excuse. They are much better th an white ducks.

PINTAIL.—Appeal not to us. We are a Draco.

PRIZE RHYMES.

Competition papers have been received from:—Œdipus, Quak-quak, Silence, S., G. G. B, Marie, Peter, Haste, Pour Rire, Lancer, O., Regent, Reflector, Farmer F., Perceivale, The Wandering Jew, Piper, J. L. P., Felix.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

THE wisdom of the artful course I pursued with reference to the thermometer last week is now apparent. The then Arctic temperature, enjoyable only by muffs and boas, has yielded to a muggy climate not unworthy the best examples of an English spring. Were we one degree (below freezing point) less taught by experience, we might now, peradventure, discard our astracans, sables, seals, and rabbits, and, clad in gauzes, curiously wrought, proceed to disport ourselves round such maypoles as are extant in Belgravia, or picnic in the leafy solitudes of Gunter Square. But after the experience of two or three seasons of alternate Greenland's icy mountain and India's coral strand, the Londoner becomes a perfect Fitzroy in his contemptuous disbelief in the almanack. Armed as it were with drum and cone, he goes forth to his labour on a mild June day prepared for bronchitis before eventide, or sets sail for the city on New Year's Day with his mind made up for being becalmed in the tropics before bedtime. He arrays himself indifferently like a Hindoo in December, or the Polytechnic diver in August, or *vice versâ*, knowing that it is even betting whether he will feel frozen or suffocated at sundown. Our weather is, in fact, a lottery, out of which we may draw every possible variety of blank. It might be more exciting were there to be, as in the wheels of fortune, one prize known to linger somewhere at the bottom of the urn; but, perhaps, it is just as well as it is. If we, with our insular vanity, had a brilliant November, or a tranquil March to boast of, there would be no enduring us. Lord Mayor's Day is, in more ways than one, a perpetual "O King, remember the Athenians!" With a monopoly of our fogs we can scarcely let our self-esteem altogether obscure our faculties.

Cabs generally select unpleasant weather for their assaults upon our peace. It was a knee-deep thaw when their first memorable strike took place, and four-horse omnibuses conveyed passengers eastward through two feet of slush. When, two years ago the same phenomenon occurred, it was the coldest December I ever recollect. Their present—I can't call it strike—"feint with the left," happens in mist and mud, when their services are especially desirable. Into what form their frame of mind will crystallise I know not—nor, perhaps, do they; but it is certain that at present their attitude is most hostile to the interests of the public. The infamy of the London cab has been a standing, or, at most, a jog-trotting, grievance ever since those most accursed vehicles were invented. I know not which is the worse—the foul, fetid, mildewy, rattling, mile-an-hour, hospital-patient-carrying growler, or the muddy, precipitous, drafty, watery, windy, guillotining hansom. Their employment has always been a disgrace to civilisation, but it was always objected when we lifted up our voice against them, that they were heavily taxed and could hardly afford to be comfortable. We admitted with groans that there might be some justice in the complaint, and reduced the impost paid by the proprietor with startling liberality. He appeared for the moment touched. He praised our beneficence. He promised amendment. He stated he should not forget the public when he cut up his cake. He concerted with the Home Secretary. He held meetings. He promulgated rules. He "put about" an amended tariff. He waved flags before our deluded eyes. He hinted that he should not interrupt the traffic by plying for hire. The 1st of January was the auspicious day fixed for the inauguration of these blessed changes. I believe I am not misinformed when I say that this day is the 8th of the month. What has been done? How is our state benefited? In the words of the poet, "Where are we now?"

The transportation with hard labour of Mr. Charles Mathews at the age of sixty-six, may be looked upon by narrow-minded humanitarians as a somewhat inadequate return for the 35 years of entertainment extracted from that versatile criminal. But such critics would take a very erroneous view of the matter. Here is a man who has had the effrontery, by his own unaided exertions, by the mere force of a talent unrivalled in the present age, to amuse and delight two generations of English playgoers. With a self-will which all right-thinking persons must condemn he has chosen to dispense with those legitimate adjuncts of success without which we have decreed that no dramatic artist shall succeed. He has needed neither prurient plots, nor sensational scenes to enhance his efforts; no dazzling effects of flood or flame have been necessary to set off his simple, unadorned genius. We don't want such persons here. They are an anachronism. So we send them to Australia, as it were in chains. Seriously, there are few, I should imagine, who saw the farewell given to Mr. Charles Mathews on Tuesday, who did not feel there was something of ingratitude in suffering this "well-graced actor" to leave the stage of which he has so long been one of the chief ornaments. In our generation there has been no actor so unique, so entirely alone and unapproachable, as Mr. Charles Mathews. The vivacity, the *aplomb*, the *sang froid*, (we *must* use French in speaking of such a man), the ease, the gaiety, the indescribable humour, so bright, yet so free from the faintest taint of vulgarity, of this indescribable actor were without a parallel on our stage. We all knew it, we all affected to admire and appreciate this "popular favourite" beyond any pet of the public on the boards. We found him bright and fresh (almost) at 60 as at 30. At the age when ordinary men have sunk into fogeydom, he was still a rollicking youth, and verging on three-score and ten played a young man of the period with a lightness of touch which might be sighed for in vain by that gifted young gentleman. We might, I think, not being supernaturally well provided with dramatic genius, have kept such a rare specimen by us for the little while it was possible. But whether the commodity be calico or Christianity, Manchester goods or manhood, we cannot forget our proud qualifications as "Wholesale Exporters." I hope the colonists, having duly acknowledged his receipt as per

margin, will take good care of our last "valuable consignment."

In hiring servants in Cheshire, it is the custom, I read in the *Pall Mall*, to pass over any little lapses in morality if a satisfactory reply can only be obtained to the all-important question, "Can you make good cheese?" This reminds one of the story of the old Scottish lady who, seeking the character of a cook, exclaimed, "D——n her morals, can she make collops?" The following letter of introduction, favoured by a *cordon bleu*, is not unworthy of a place in the history of the kitchen. The original was once in my possession:—"Horned Madam, I send you the bearer in the compacity of a cook. And a very good cook she is. And I hope she will shoot you.—Your obedient servant, MARTHA RUGG."

CHARADE.

I'm sometimes oblong, sometimes square,
I'm sometimes flat and thin;
Strange customers to me repair
To warm themselves within.

Among my members I can boast
The learned and profound;
And often am I made the toast
When healths are circling round.

When merchants navigate the sea
Their ships with treasure stored,
If once they come in reach of me
I pitch them overboard.

The huntsman shirks me, to evade
A spill and muddied coat;
Yet when his horn awakes the glade,
I regulate its note.

I stop the traveller on the road,
And make him tribute pay;
And in the prisoner's drear abode
Obscure the light of day.

Theft, misdemeanour, crime, and sin
At my tribunal show;
Yet oft I help the burglar in
And then I always crow.

Now should you ever wish to see
This most capricious elf,
Go to the "George," and ask for me—
You'll find me in myself.

THE GRUMBLER.

RUBBISH! Nonsense! Why, of course it's all rubbish and nonsense.—Free trade in cab fares! As well talk of free trade in palanquins.—Great improvement over the late regulations! Is it? Well, I don't see it, and, what's more, don't believe any citizen of this great metropolis or parts adjacent thereto, will see it either.—At all events, a passenger will know before hand what he'll have to pay for conveyance from any given point of departure to any known one of destination! Will he? How so? —By previous arrangement, I suppose. But who is to outswear "Cabby the Moral," who, chewing the straw of sweet and bitter imposition, alters his mind, and determines two-and-sixpence ain't enough, while driving you from Oxford-circus to Pall-mall. Bah! I tell you the whole thing is humbug—and so you'll find when, alighting at the Sarcophagus, you politely hand the largest silver coin of the realm, and expect a smile in return, but instead of which you see a huge bundle of clothes, capes, and rugs descending from the box and insolently demanding, "What do you call this?"—"Why, half-a-crown, the sum we agreed upon."—"Who agreed? *You* said two-and-six—I said *three bob;* and you don't call this three bob, do you? Well, whether you do or don't, three bob you'll have to pay, depend on't."—At all events, it will be a great convenience to ladies!" Will it? I don't see it, and, what's more, don't believe it.—The system of flags a good one! Is it? Should like to know how. Mrs. Growler goes to see her sister-in-law at St. John's Wood; of course, stays tea, and trusts to meeting a cab at the end of Laburnum-road. True enough, two come loafing along; one with a red flag, one-and-six the mile; the other with blue flag, two shillings, same distance. Ingenious arrangement of cabbies—both flags are suddenly seized with a tarantullian vertigo, and Mrs. G. bundles into the blue. I ask you, what will be her feelings or my sufferings, when, on arriving at Harmony Place, she informs me she has been robbed, insulted, outraged, and defrauded out of the money she had put by to purchase dear Arabella, our eldest, a pair of mittens, by the villanous cabman, who charged her four shillings when the fare was only one; and the omnibus always took her for twopence.—Then, why not go by omnibus! Of course, why not go by omnibus? But how can one go by omnibus to places omnibuses never go to?—Go everywhere! Do they? Yes, everywhere except to the places one wants to go to.—No fault of theirs! Never said it was, but it don't better me.—Want to legislate only for self! Do I? No, I don't; but should like Legislature to legislate for me as well as for everyone else.—How can they? How should I know? I don't get paid Ministers' salaries; but I do know, if were I should try to do Ministers' duty.—What do I call Ministers' duty! Why, not to talk like ministers in a Scotch conventicle, but act like prefects of the Seine in France.—Railways well managed in England, at all events! Are they? Never said they weren't—but what of Scotch ones? Don't know? Well, no more do I; but if you read the papers you will see they carefully manage to have about four good accidents every six weeks.—What do I allude to? Why, the Caledonian. Four accidents in six weeks gives exactly one to every week and a half—a nice calculation for compulsory travellers!—Whose fault is it? No one's, of course.—Smoke! of course I smoke, except when I get into a smoking-carriage, where, of course, some elderly lady enters and politely obliges me at once to extinguish my pipe.—Why does she get in? Has no right? Of course she has no right—just exactly why she does.—Porter who opens the door is to blame? Of course, he's to blame. Old lady insists, gets in —and my pipe of course is put out.

I never lit a good cigar
In smoking-carriage but some lout
Was sure to hand in his mamma,
When quickly was my weed put out.
By chance I never lit my pipe,
And got in smoking-carriage snug,
But those who did object to smoke
Were sure to poke in their ugly mug!

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

I HAD hoped this week to have been able to have given a table of the entries for the Great Handicaps and other races which closed on Tuesday; but up to the time of writing I have been unable to get any trustworthy information as to any one of the spring events, so that I must defer until next week an analysis of the various races which will soon occupy the attention of the racing world. In the meanwhile I hasten to continue the task of searching for that needle in a bottle of hay—the winner of the Derby. *Hawthornden*, who stands next to Sunlight in the price-list, is a horse for whom I have absolutely no fancy for the Derby, but I will run rapidly over his performances, in order that my readers may form their own opinion as to his merits. He is a bay colt, by Lord Clifden—Bonny Blink, and has run on six occasions; the first three of his races he won, and the last three he lost The first of the three wins was on the Tuesday of the Newmarket July meeting in the Gladiateur Stakes, for which the Katherine Logie colt was a great favourite, Hawthornden being backed at 2 to 1, and Prince, whom one of the most sagacious of my friends vows must have won the Derby had it not been for his mishap. Hawthornden, receiving 2 lbs., beat the latter cleverly, if not easily, by a length, with the favourite, a moderate third, Moonstone, and Pibroch, forming the remainder of the field. His next essay was at Reading, where, at 2 to 1 on him, he cut down Stockhausen, who was not half fit, and six others, by half a length. Journeying on the following week to Huntingdon, he won the Hinchingbrook Stakes, for which a stable companion of Prince—Florian—was a tremendous favourite, Cestus, a stable companion of Stockhausen, being in great demand at 5 to 2, while Hawthornden was, comparatively speaking, left out in the cold at 6 to 1. Florian, however, succumbed early in the fight, and Cestus being beaten a distance from home, he found his most formidable opponent in Pandora, who, like him, carried 7 lbs. extra, and was only beaten by a neck, after an interesting finish. This was his last victory as a two-year-old, his next appearance being at Stockton, in the Hardwicke Stakes, where he attempted to give La Rèble and Falkland 4 lbs. and 10 lbs. respectively, the latter pair finishing first and second with only a head between them. If this is his true form, he can have no chance for the Derby, for who would back an animal that had failed to give Falkland a stone?—and, according to this race, Hawthornden can be only a few pounds his superior. It is only fair to say, however, that his friends attributed his defeat to his being upset by the long journey, and not himself at all. He did not again run until the Middle Park Stakes, for which, even in the face of the mighty Sunshine, he was backed for every available sixpence down to 7 to 2, a lot of money being invested on his Derby chance at the same time, but in the race itself he never showed to advantage, not finishing in the first six and being beaten at the top of the hill almost simultaneously with Recorder and Alaric. On the Friday of the same meeting he endeavoured to recover some of his lost laurels in the Prendergast Stakes, but Atlantis (who was giving him 3lbs.) and Atlas both finished in front of him, so that he went into winter quarters with far less *éclat* than if he had retired after his third victory at Huntingdon. Of course he may improve during the winter and justify the support which a very clever school have continuously awarded him for the Derby, but my impression is that he will be found more at home over courses under a mile, and he has a foreleg which may give his trainer no little trouble.

I will next deal with the chances of the Katherine Logie colt, of whom, notwithstanding his four unsuccessful performances and the fact that Camel is in the same stable, many people expect great things this year. He made his *début* in the race in which Hawthornden won his maiden victory, and to which I alluded above, and the disappointment of his friends at his defeat was very great. He made a second appearance on Thursday in the Chesterfield Stakes, but finished very nearly last, with animals like Calypso and My Lady a long way ahead of him, so that thus far he gained no further friends, even with the story of what he could do at home. His third race was the Stanford Biennial at Wolverhampton, for which he was made a six to four favourite, but he could get no nearer than third to Ida and Princess, five lengths separating Ida (the winner) and himself. This was a very great *rabat-joie* to those who had counted on his winning this race, and so giving himself a *locus standi* in the Derby betting. His last performance was, perhaps, the most creditable, or the least ignominious of the four, where, in the Middle Park Plate, he managed to finish fourth to Frivolity, Sunshine and Kingcraft. It is true he had the 3lb. maiden allowance, and that on this form he can have no chance with Sunshine and Kingcraft whom he will meet at a disadvantage of 7lbs., but he was ahead of animals like Alaric, Normanby, the Blue Belle, Recorder, and his former conqueror, Hawthornden, so that even if he is not at the top of the tree, he is, on the other hand, better than his first three defeats would make us believe. Whether he is worth backing for the Derby is another question, which I will deal with when I come to my summing up.

Normanby, by Thormanby—Emily, is a chestnut colt, bred and owned by the Earl of Stamford, and there is no one whose victory I should so like to chronicle in the race for the Blue Riband. He has certainly a better chance than he has had since the Frenchman's year, when the savage Archimedes, by his close fight with Gladiateur for the Two Thousand, raised hopes in the followers of the blue, black, and gold, which were cruelly overthrown. It is to be hoped that Normanby, even if he does not take the double first of the Turf, may, nevertheless, do better than Archimedes, for one of the best

sportsmen we have. Normanby, who is now trained in the same stable as Camel and the Catherine Logie colt, commenced business as early as the Northampton meeting, where in the Althorp Park Stakes he finished in the rear rank, being not yet fit and unbacked. In a £100 Plate at the Newmarket Craven Meeting he upset a tremendous pot in Prince Arthur, winning in a walk by five lengths from Mont Blanc, with the favourite a wretched third, and the rest of the field a wretched third. His next race was for the Queen's Stand Plate, at Ascot, where he finished fourth to Gertrude, King Victor, and Plaudit, and among those behind him were White Slave, Honesty, and Rosicrucian. He then had a shy at the July stakes, but here he could not obtain a place, the wretched Pibroch even finishing in front of him. Nothing daunted by Sunshine's defeat of him therein, Lord Stamford threw down to her a second time in the North of England Biennial at York, but she beat him very easily, though, as in all her races, the fielders proclaimed her defeat at one period of the struggle owing to her dislike to winning by more than is absolutely necessary. At Doncaster he ran a very good race in the Corporation Stakes, giving weight to everything but Captivator, and running a dead heat for second place with Indian Ocean (to whom he was giving 27lbs.); and Mount Pleasant, and conceding the runner, Barrier, 21lbs. Later on the same day he was allowed to walk over for the once famous Mnnicipal Stakes, and then he returned south to carry on the war for the autumn. At the Newmarket F. O. he made people open their eyes by running Kingcraft to a head at even weights in the Buckingham Stakes, and this all the latter's friends vowed to be a fluke, and solely owing to his having stumbled in the race, a theory apparently borne out by the result of the Middle Park Plate, where on 7lb. better terms, Normanby failed to get within six lengths of him. This latter race was the last appearance of Normanby as a two-year-old, and if his performances at that age were not always A 1, he is at least an honest, sound horse, who is likely to train on and to improve between this and June, more than many who occupy a higher position in public favours.

FORECAST.

RACING AND STEEPLE-CHASE FIXTURES.

JANUARY.

Hopgrove steeple-chases ..3	Carlisle steeple-chases ..26

FEBRUARY.

Birmingham Steeple-ch..8, 9	Baschurch Steeple-chases..25
Derby Spring 15, 16	Newton Spring.....25, 26
Harrow Spring.....17, 18	

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring 1, 2	G. Military and Rugby H. 16, 17
Liverpool Spring ..8, 9, 10	Warwick Spring..22, 23, 24
Pontefract and West Riding 14, 15	Enfield 25
Cambridgeshire.....14, 15	Epsom Spring 29, 30
Co. Down Steeple-ch...15, 16	Bromley ... .31, 1
West Somerset Steeple Chases 16, 17	Cheltenham Steeple-chases 31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton 5, 6	Kingsbury 18, 19
Southdown Hunt 6	Kildare Hunt 19, 20
Thirsk Spring 7, 8	Hambledon 22
West Drayton Spring ..7, 8	Lewes Spring 26, 27
Aldershot Steeple-chases.7, 8	Croydon Spring 28, 29
Durham.....18, 19	Rothbory 28
Newmarket Craven..18—22	

MAY.

Newmarket First Spring.2–6	Baldoyle 17, 18
Chester.....10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring....19, 20
Winchester 10, 11	Harpenden 20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C.10, 11	Bath 24, 25
Salisbury 12, 13	Croydon First Summer ..26
Chelmsford 17, 18	Stamford 26, 27
York Spring 17, 18	Epsom Summer..31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye 7	Newcastle-on-Tyne21, 22, 23
Manchester..?.....8, 9, 10	Newton Summer..22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer ..23, 24
Ascot.....14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club 29
Windsor June 21, 22	Stockbridge 30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July.....5, 6	Reading 12, 13
Newmarket July ..5, 6, 7, 8	W. Drayton Summer..14, 15
Sutton Park Summer ..5, 6	Knutsford.....15, 16
Worcester.....7, 8	Huntingdon 19, 20
Pontefract Summer ...11, 12	Kingsbury Summer ..21, 22
Nottingham July....12, 13	Goodwood....26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST

Brighton 2, 3	Bromley 16, 17
Tiverton 3, 4	Stockton 17, 18, 19
Brighton Club 4	Oxford 18, 19
Lewes 5, 6	York August 23, 24, 25
Egham 9, 10	Plymouth 25, 26
Wolverhampton 9, 10	Scarborough 29, 30
Windsor August ...11, 12	Derby Summer 30, 31
Radcliffe 12, 13	Weymouth 30, 31
Lichfield 16, 17	

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick 6, 7	Hendon.....22, 23
Abingdon 8, 9	Western Meeting, Ayr 21, 22, 23
Doncaster Sept.13, 14, 15, 16	Newmarket First Oct.27—30
Hampton Autumn ..20, 21.	Lanark 29, 30
Richmond.....20, 21	

OCTOBER.

Bedford 4, 5	Newmarket 2nd Oct..10—14
Leicester 6, 7	Cheltenham Autumn...18, 19
Bromley 6, 7	Newmarket Houghton.24, 29

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn 8, 9,10,11 | Shrewsbury14, 15, 16, 17, 18

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4¼) miles	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1¼ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan) (2¼ miles)...	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles).....	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles).....	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles).....	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1⅞ miles).....	Tues., Aug. 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., Aug. 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¼ miles)	Thurs. Aug. 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yards)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yards)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs).....	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yards).	Tues., Oct. 25.

AMONG THE FERNS AND WITH THE FAWNS.

BY CEDRIC THE SAXON.

(Continued from the number of December 25.)

"The sun is on the mountain, his beam lies on the sea,
And far and near is echo'd loud, the sky-lark's melody;
The hind plods o'er the dewy fields, and hails the rising ray,
As he feels, while he steals, the breaking of the day!
As he feels, &c." —*Old Song.*

Or this way:

"The East with gold is shining, and fleetly o'er the lawn,
The stag flies on, and bugles sound, fierce welcome to the dawn;
The quiv'ring beams through every bough in sunny radiance play;
On each tree, all can see, the breaking of the day!
On each tree, &c." —*Old Song.*

But "immortal Will" says:

"See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!"

And again:

"But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill!"

BOYISH CRITICISM has told me that my ephemeral productions are ruined by an inordinate affection for quotations. It may be so, or it may be not; but be it as it may, whenever I feel unequal to the task of description, I seek some solid support, and fall back upon what I consider to be a superiority of idea; and if a scriptural quotation suit my purpose, I seize upon it without remorse, and in defiance of a certain religious prudery, as opposed to common sense, as it is to the code of our faith. Now, the extracts from the old song, as descriptive of "the breaking of the day," are in the composition both pastoral and pretty; but "our bard," in the opening of the golden gates, when the ruddy goddess takes her farewell of bright Phœbus, is simply sublime. But "look, the morn in russet mantle clad," &c., more closely resembled the July daybreak to which I allude; and even Gay's description of the early labours of Patty, the smiling maid whose ruddy beauty grew as years increased, till Patty's fame o'er all the village flew, would suit my purpose as a correct and truthful simile:—

"Soon as the *grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies*,
And in the *doubtful day*, the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And, singing, to the distant field repairs."

Well, then, in spite of brilliant similes and bright authorities, I state that as on this July day the sun rose at 3.52, and we "threw off" at 4 a.m. precisely, there were only 8 minutes for the sun to shine upon the mountain, to lay his beam upon the sea, to gild the east, or for the morning to open her golden gates; the morn was "in russet mantle clad," and the "grey-ey'd morning" streaked the sky, when we began our visit to the Ferns. We slid down the Pughdean steep and commenced at "Bevis' Grave," and drove the plantations on each side of the vale which leads to the "Rough." Now and then a red deer trotted by, then a stag, and then a hind, and now a pricket; but these were all forbidden fruit. Soon we come to the Ferns, and here I had my first shot. It was a fallow fawn. I missed with the first barrel, but he fell dead to the second. "How, in the world, did you miss with the first barrel?" said Bill as he walked quietly up and cut the throat of the innocent.—"I shot at his head, thinking you wanted them killed handsomely."—"That will never do," said he. "Vitality is behind the foreleg; a bullet will pierce the skull, but big shot fly thin, and unless the brain be struck it is of no use—they go away maimed. Most of these fawns will be sent to our tenant-farmers at 5s. apiece, just to pay for our day's work and 'grub and bub'—they will average 26lbs.—and if the farmer is particular about a hole or two being drilled in the fore quarter, why he can send the veal-venison back." By this time our little force was considerably augmented—the Dale park-keeper made his appearance in the White-way drive, two of the keepers on the Batworth Park side of the Duke's domain came creeping and stealing up the Houghton footpath, and awaited the arrival of their chief at a post with a notice board warning the stranger and the daily wayfarer against the red deer in the months of September and October. We now mustered ten in all, seven guns, two drivers on foot, and one mounted on that clever mare, "Maid-of-all-Work," who having brought the day's provisions in the light cart to the rendezvous, now bore an enormous pad with straps on each side to carry the fawns, and on which was perched a "character." He had a thorough Welshman's seat, and seemed to guide the little mare in the intricate deer paths through Houghton Forest with his calves and heels alone, for he rode with the loosest of reins. He rejoiced in the not very euphonius title of "Jack Rat," which nickname, I am bound to confess, he obtained under very suspicious surroundings. A luncheon for the keepers had been sent from the Castle on a certain occasion to Jack's lodge as the most central spot for the morrow's shooting, and to be under his guardianship for the night. Now, amongst the many good things ordered to be put up by that great man (he weighed 23 stone, horseman's weight) and *recherché chef*, M. Rhodet, there was a dainty warden-pie, made after the most ancient and approved manner, from the trimmings of a 7-years' old buck, which Jack himself had dressed. The flesh is weak, and a hungry stomach, like other craving organs, has neither conscience nor forecast. As the story runs, Jack, after his last pipe, was possessed, not exactly with a devil, but with a strange desire to see what that firm, yet short, sandy crust enclosed. "Whilst glow'ring round wi' prudent cares," Jack cut a sort of gothic gateway entrance, large enough to admit a rat, and with a "lang-kail-gullie" he scooped out the essence of the pasty or pie. At luncheon when the depredation was discovered, suspicion at once rested upon Jack, but he swore by all that was holy "it was that —— rat did that." His compeers were unanimous in their verdict, entirely concurred in his suspicions, and to mark a luncheon epoch christened him on the spot, with many benedictions, swollen by strong expletives, "Jack Rat!" He knew to a yard the boundary line which each division of the herd acknowledged, and by a wonderful sagacity kept inviolate as an allotted pasturage; he was

familiar with every deer-path within 1,400 acres of Park-lands, was a clever, cunning driver, whether to the rifle, lying in ambush within the young head of that old ash-pollard, or to the treacherous netting extending for a quarter of a mile within the "Rough," and moreover, he could dress a buck "wi' onie bodie." His fustian jacket had but one inside pocket—but such a pocket! It was an "all-rounder," and would have taken comfortably two of the heaviest fawns, whilst six outside flaps contained "a fouth o' auld nick-nackets," which would have formed a curious addition to the lockers of a dealer in marine stores. Not being "to the butching bred," he never wore an apron in the slaughter-house, but wiped his unctuous palms on his leather breeches and gaiters, which were so saturated with deers' fat, that when the sun glowed in his meridian they looked as though they had just received a "currier's dressing;" or as if Jack, in his infancy, (like a new-born Grecian,) had been annointed with a *Chrism*, which had oozed out of his pores and finally settled in his nether-garments. He stood a little over 5 feet 7 inches, in a neat, muscular mould; his features small but perfect in outline; the nose of the hawk, hawky, yet a faultless aquiline; black bushy whiskers were trained to meet the corners of what is termed a Grecian mouth; his eyes, coffee colour, and of the almond shape, slightly receding, but restless, and having a lynx-like property. Altogether he had a varmint look. "What do you think of our henchman?" said William, as Jack turned into a deer-path. My only reply was, "If you catch a weasel asleep, Will'm, bite his ear off!" We were now on the verge of Stoke Wood, consisting of lofty beech trees, which clothed an extensive chalky range, and had a forest-like character. "Take your stand here, between these twin beeches; they will afford good cover, and you will be within twenty-five yards of a very favourite track; remove the leaves from under your feet to prevent any rustling when you turn, and, whatever you do, don't light that 'cutty' of yours; the morn is wearing through apace, and when you hear my whistle it will be breakfast time. Hark!" continued William, "Jack is driving the plantation and that high bed of ferns above the 'rutting' ground; they are sure to come this way—so look out!"

What an anxious time I passed, leaning alternately upon those twin trees! There goes the Fisherman's 9-guage! That's John Otley's 10-bore; he, too, is a heavy loader; and that double shot in the Houghton Valley, by its sweet bell-like ring, tells the whereabouts of our Captain with his 12-bore, stub-twist, by old William Moore!

But here they come at last! What a beautiful sight as they bound across the plain! The first three are barrens, or have lost their fawns in the former killings, and leap fearlessly into the path; five or six more, with their fawns by their sides, rush in a cluster for the cover, and to have hazarded a shot would have been something worse than folly. Two, and only two more, with their fawns about 6 yards behind, came leisurely along; the first, when twenty yards from the path, sniffed danger, and quickened her pace for the spring, and the child followed the example of his mamma, but the leaden hail caught him in the bound, and he seemed to die in the air. The last was an easy prey, for both doe and fawn came on at a trot, but he was not hit so cleanly, and as I lifted his head by the ear to despatch him with my bread-and-cheese knife, he uttered such a piteous cry and turned upon me such a soft brown eye, that I thought of Byron's gazelle, and I had not the heart for the bloody deed. At this juncture Jack galloped up, and I pointed out the sufferer, who had regained his feet, and was tottering on the brink of a pit. Jack was off the mare in an instant, and with a sort of fiendish revelling in his peculiar craft, pulled out a "folding jocteleg," with a buck haft and a blade 9in. long. As he sprung the blade, the click went to my vitals. The ruffian, catching him by the upper lip, made a kind of butcher's S hook of his horny fingers, and drew the keen blade across the throat until it grated against the "silver cord." "That's the gash to settle their hash," muttered Jack, as the head of my first victim seemed to hang by the pith alone. "There goes nine on'm," said Jack, as he was strapping the mouse-coloured fawns to the old mare, and the Castle clock struck the hour; "and that's Master William's whistle. I know it from every one of our men's; it is a large silver dog's head with a double pea, and it will pierce the densest fog at night, whilst our leaden things, like the bum-clock, hum wi' lazy drone. But come, let me lead you by the nearest way to our breakfast parlour, and you will say that I *have* chosen a lovely spot. It is a plateau of velvet turf, with here and there groups of fern, interspersed with anthills covered with wild thyme, the whole surrounded by high double gorse in full bloom."

The sun's rays dance on the Channel and shimmer in the landscape. "We shall have a 'hot un' to-day," I remarked to Jack. Here, for the present, I leave my readers. Breakfast is a social institution worthy of another chapter, and demanding something more than passing notice.

(To be continued.)

THE RABBIT BEAGLE.

IN my last week's article I spoke of the frost and those sports and amusements with which the grey-bearded old fellow seems most appropriately connected, when, lo! before the *Man About Town* was laid, well aired and neatly cut, on the breakfast-table, he had departed. It was once more spurs promoted *vice* skates resigned, and you—perhaps I should say I—regretted that dose of mild physic administered in the full persuasion that there could be no more hunting for a week at least, and its consequent day or two of walking exercise for the little brown. In this I scarcely think the weather used me either fairly or well. I had made up my mind for frost, written about frost, prepared for frost, and behold it is now a little milder than June, and rather wetter than the most showery of Aprils. Well, so let it be; I am just off to the shires, where I daresay, with my usual luck, I shall meet cold winds, frost, and snow soon after my arrival. I wish you, my readers, lived either in South Africa or at the North Pole (for my comfort—not yours, mind), because then I could be sure of pitching on a sport for my theme, which would be seasonable. I could give you a little lion-hunting or bear shooting, for instance, with the firm conviction that a change in the weather would not render my efforts ridiculous ere the article could appear.

Nevertheless, as people shoot rabbits both in frost and thaw—though the former is by far the most enjoyable time for the sport—I will venture on a few words anent the rabbit beagle, in spite of rain and fields knee-deep in slush. Now I am talking about weather, let me relate a couple of remarks in your contemporaries that have afforded me no little amusement. First, then, one of the numerous analysists of this year's Derby form said, about a fortnight ago, in speaking of Sunshine, that she was light below the knee, and he doubted her standing a preparation through *a hard winter*, or words to that effect. Now, I had always laboured under the delusion that our Derby horses were not sent along when the ground was like iron from frost, and that, instead of training, or, in other words, undergoing a preparation at such times, they were only doing gentle exercise in the straw beds, of such a character that it could not interfere with the legs of the most infirm old crock. Such, at least, was the custom at Danebury, when I lived in that neighbourhood a few years ago; but perhaps customs have altered, and John Day may be behind the times in not rattling his nags along when the downs are hard and clean, and would not make their shoes dirty. Another instance of my mistaken notions about sport, and I will return to my legitimate theme. Taking up one of the most widely-circulated dailys, I found a leader devoted to shooting and the game-laws. In it a most graphic picture of the poor partridges and hares rendered tame and unmindful of their arch enemy, man, by the severity of the season, and the stealthy approach of the long line of shooters and beaters who were to consummate their destruction. It was highly effective—the light and shade well thrown in, and the whole sketch evidently the product of a master-hand—but, unfortunately, all without foundation. Sportsmen and gentlemen do not shoot either partridges or hares during snow, and no one but the most arrant poacher would think of so doing. In fact, I am not quite sure that it is lawful, but know, at any rate, that there is unwritten law amongst sportsmen which tabooes it. The remarks further on concerning battues were very good, and it is a pity that the writer showed himself only to have lighted on them accidentally, by first of all scribbling such twaddle as to convince the world that he knew practically nothing of his subject. There, I have delivered my soul, and will now return to business. First, then, let me say that there are few prettier sports, when well carried out, than rabbit shooting, and none in which the gun requires to be handled with more dexterity. I know that by many it is little thought of, and handed over to tradesmen, tenants, and boys, three of which latter class, to my knowledge during the last frost went out, and after literally seeding the ground with shot, slew one rabbit between them, by the further aid of a quick dog. That is not quite the style of shooting I mean, and where rabbits are hopping quietly about the stuff or sitting up to listen, men may well shun displaying their prowess against them. But in hedgerows or gorse patches it is quite another matter, and here, as they bound across the narrow openings, it takes something more than a muff to stop them. I never knew or could make out why boys are always entered to rabbits; it is far more dangerous in every way both to dogs and men than partridge shooting, and the man who indulges in it, to keep out of mischief, should have the greatest command of himself and his weapon; yet we generally find those who have never handled a gun before, or have one only in their charge during a day or two every year, rabbit shooting. The way the sport should be enjoyed is this:—Where you have a gorse patch so situated that its inmates can do little or no harm, have it cut out into squares, with tracks of about twenty feet between them, running at right angles. In this get up a stock of rabbits, and when you want a day's amusement, get a few friends who know how to shoot, post them properly, and hunt it. That, by the way, brings me to the kind of dog most proper to hunt it with, and I at once pronounce for the rabbit beagle. I find, however, that I have not space to do him justice at present, so must defer giving a description of him and his work until another opportunity.

THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Friday has an article on the above, in which, with their usual gallantry, they espouse Miss Taylor's views upon this already well-worn subject. There is something very refreshing in this young lady's ideas, especially touching the fur tippet question, which has undoubtedly obtained a large quantity of attention from everyone. What Miss Taylor, however, can know about "murder, incest, and the promiscuous intercourse of sexes"—we quote the words of our contemporary—it is hard for us to imagine; we can only account for it by the extraordinary partiality which the fair sex have shown since the publication of *Lady Audley's Secret* for anything RACY, be it in literature or in dress. If Miss Taylor has suffered disappointment in life, and tries to cheer her remaining days in the society of a pair of parrots, a cat, and a Maltese dog, we can congratulate her upon her espousal of humanity, even to the poor hunted fox.

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THIS EVENING, the entirely new and Grand Spectacular Pantomime, by Henry J. Byron., entitled THE YELLOW DWARF; or Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Golden Mines. The scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven, Julian Hicks, Dayes and Caney; also by Messrs. W. Telbin and W. Telbin, jun. Principal characters by Mesdames Julia Matthews, Nelly Power, Esta, Love, and Craven, Mrs. Aynsley Cook, and Misses Nelly and Maria Harris; Messrs. J. D. Stoyle, Aynsley Cook, H. Payne, F. Payne, and W. H. Payne. Première danseuse, Mdlle. Blanch Ricois. The divertissement and dances by M. Desplaces. Music by Mr. Betjemann. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday, at two o'clock. The Box-office is open daily from 10 till 5 under the direction of Mr. Edward Hall, to whom Post-office orders are to be made payable.

THE YELLOW DWARF.—Morning Performance TO-DAY (Saturday) and WEDNESDAY at two o'clock.—THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.

EVERY EVENING, the Drury-lane comic Christmas annual, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, or Harlequin and Old Mother Bunch, by F. L. Blanchard, with extensive scenery by William Beverley. Characters in the opening by Misses Jessie Vokes, Victoria Vokes, Rosina Vokes, Kate Santley, Hudspeth, and Harriet Coveney. Messrs. Fred Vokes, Brittain Wright, W. Fawdon Vokes, and P. Morelard. In the Harlequinade—Clowns, H. Boleno and Little Rowella; Pantaloons, Paul Herring and J. Morris; Harlequins, S. Saville and W. Fawdon Vokes; Columbines, Misses Grosvenor and Jessie Vokes; Harlequina, Miss Rosina Vokes. The Price's Christy Minstrels. Paterson's Performing Dogs. La Petit Rarey and his Performing Pony. The celebrated Manley Family. The smallest Brass Band in the World by the Members of the Tyler Family. Preceded each evening by a new Farce, by C. A. Maltby, entitled I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL. Morning Performances of the Pantomime, Wednesday and Saturday at two o'clock. Musical Director, Mr. W. C. Levey. Ballet Master, Mr. John Cormack. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Morning Performance every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. Doors open at half-past one, commence at two. Children and schools at reduced prices to the following parts of the theatre:—First circle, dress circle, and stalls. On Saturday next the Boys of the Duke of York's School will attend, with their band. Box office open from ten till five.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.—SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER at Seven—Misses Herbert, Henrade, Larkin, Turner; Messrs. Hill, Mark Smith, Shore, Young, and Lionel Brough. At 9.15, LA BELLE SAUVAGE.—Mrs. John Wood, Misses Everard, Lovell, Armstrong, Ramsie, Carrie Wright and entire corps de ballet; Messrs. Mark Smith, Young, Grainger, and Lionel Brough. Scene 1, Immigration; scene 2, Examination; scene 3, Intimidation; scene 4, Recreation; scene 5, Preservation. To conclude with A HAPPY PAIR.—Miss Herbert, Mr. Farren. Box-office, 10 to 5.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Miss Marie Wilton.

THIS EVENING, at eight, will be performed SCHOOL, written by T. W. Robertson. Characters by Messrs. Hare, H. J. Montague, Addison, Glover, and Cancroft; Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Blanche Wilton. Act 1. Recreation. Act 2. Examination. Act 3. Flirtation. Act 4. Realisation. The scenery has been repainted by Mr. Hawes Craven. At 7.30 DEAREST MAMMA. Messrs. Addison, Montgomery, Terriss. Mesdames B. White, Augusta and B. Milton. Conclude with QUITE BY ACCIDENT—Messrs. Montague, Collette, and Miss Addison.

ASTLEY'S.—E. T. Smith's Grand Pantomime, JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK. Artistes engaged: Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Fosbroke, Miss Howard, Miss Wright, Miss Clair, Miss Seymour, Miss Nellie Ashton, Miss Minnie Foster Miss Erskine, Madame Rowella; principal dancseuses, Mdlle. Manlie and Mdlle. Marian; Master Percy Roselle, Mr. Garnold, Mr. Coles, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. St. Albyn, Mr. Stonette (the wonderful Clown); Pantaloon, Mr. Beckingham; Harlequin, Mr Lacy; Sprites, Brothers Furr. Also the first time in England the most wonderful Performing Elephant in the world, with a Stud of Camels, Dromedaries, Zebras, Horses, Ponies, Dogs, Sheep, Cows, Pigs, Monkeys, from the Cirque Napoleon, Paris. Morning Performances, Wednesdays and Saturdays at two o'clock. Galley, 6d.; pit, 1s.; upper boxes, 1s. 6d.; boxes to wear bonnets, 2s.; dress boxes, 3s.; stalls, 5s. Children half price.

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At 7, OPERETTA—Mr. Charles Lyall, Miss Tremaine, and Mr. Perrini. 7.45, UNCLE DICK'S DARLING. 9.30, WAT TYLER. M.P.

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GAIETY.—Miss NEILSON as Mary Belton.

GAIETY.—Mr. HENRY IRVING, Miss Maria Elsworthy.

GAIETY.—Mr. JOHN CLAYTON Mr. Teesdale, Miss Litton, &c., in UNCLE DICK'S DARLING.

GAIETY.—No fees. Prices 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open ten to five.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Sole Lesse and Manager, Miss Fanny Josephs.

TO-NIGHT, at 7, A HOUSEHOLD FAIRY. Miss Foote; Mr. Neville. At 7.30, NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS. Sir Simon Simple, Mr. H. J. Byron; Mr. Parselle, Miss Hughes. At 9.30, a New Oriental Operatical Burlesque, by Henry J. Byron, entitled LORD BATEMAN; or, the Proud Young Porter and the Fair Sophia,. Lord Bateman, Miss Fanny Josephs. Messrs. J. Clarke, Marshall, Beckett: Misdames Hughes, Stephens, Behrend, Sidney Williams, Bruce and Shelton. New scenery, music, costumes, and appointments.

GLOBE.—Mr. H. J. Byron, as Sir Simon SIMPLE, in his new farcical Drama of NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS, Every Evening.

ADELPHI THEATRE ROYAL.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.

THIS EVENING, at 7, Dion Boucicault's drama, in three acts, THE LONG STRIKE, in which Mr. Benjamin Webster and Miss Furtado will make their appearance; also Messrs. Arthur Stirling, G. Belmore, W. Rignold, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith. At 9, LOST AT SEA. Grand effects.

ALHAMBRA.—Managing Director, Mr. Fred. STRANGE.—TO-NIGHT.—An Entirely New Series of Entertainments are provided, the principal and most magnificent of which will be a splendid Transformation Ballet in four tableaux, entitled "Flamma; or, The Child of Fire." This gorgeous spectacle has been invented and arranged by M. J. stamant, Maitre de Ballet of the Imperial Academy of Music, Paris. The Ballet will be supported by Mdlle. Pitteri, assisted by M. Dervine, the principal premier dancer of the Grand Theatres of France, and 150 selected coryphées. New Music by M. Rivière, and new and elegant dresses by Miss Yates. In addition to the Grand Transformation Ballet, a new Pantomime Ballet, called "Watnotcenotumotimo," has been prepared, and will be supported by Mr. Fred Evans, and his talented troupe. New Vocal Talent, new Comiques, new Acrobats and Gymnasts. Commence at 8. Prices, 1s., 2s., and gallery, 6d. New grand tier of private boxes, 42s., 38s. 6d., and 21s. Dress circle. 5s.—Box-office open from 11 till 4.

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Immense success of the Christmas Entertainment.—THIS EVENING will be produced, on a scale of splendour eclipsing anything ever attempted at this or any other establishment, a new Grand Spectacular Ballet, entitled JUAN; or, the Irregular Don and the Regular Devil. Written by Frank W. Green, Esq. The part of "Don Juan" will be sustained by Miss Lizzie Dashwood (who is the very beau ideal of burlesque sauciness and vivacity, and, being a thorough mistress of Terpsichorean mysteries known as break-downs, she at once establishes her popularity with the audience), assisted by 30 Ladies of the Corps de Ballet and a Grand Procession of 50.

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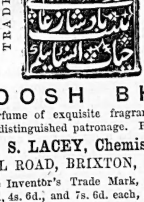

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